

## FUNERAL SERVICES

IN HONOR OF

JOHN WILLIAM JORDAN

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1987

1:00 P.M.

HEBER 1ST WARD CHAPEL

HEBER CITY, UTAH

BORN FEBRUARY 26, 1900 IN HAILSTONE, UTAH  
DIED NOVEMBER 1, 1987 IN HEBER CITY, UTAH

PALL BEARERS  
GRANDSONS

PAUL CHRISTENSEN  
BILL JORDAN

KEN JORDAN  
BRYAN JORDAN

NEPHEWS

JAY CUMMINGS

GLADE JORDAN

HONORARY PALL BEARERS  
MISSIONARIES

MIKE BURNS

ROBERT GILES

FLOWERS BEING CARED FOR BY THE HEBER 1ST  
WARD RELIEF SOCIETY

## SERVICES

PRELUDE & POSTLUDE.....JOYCE OLSEN

OFFICIATING.....BISHOP CHARLES JENKINS

FAMILY PRAYER.....TONY BURNS, SON-IN-LAW

OPENING PRAYER.....LEW GILES, GRANDSON

MUSICAL SELECTION.....JUDY MILLINER

"HOW GREAT THOU ART"

ACCOMPANIED BY JOYCE OLSEN

SPEAKER.....PHYLLIS CHRISTENSEN  
DAUGHTER

SPEAKER.....CLIFT JORDAN, SON

MUSICAL MEDLEY.....BOB MCPHIE

TRIBUTE.....LYNDA JENKINS  
GRANDDAUGHTER

SPEAKER.....KEN JOHNSON, COUSIN

BISHOP'S REMARKS....BISHOP CHARLES JENKINS

MUSICAL SELECTION.....RAMON DUKE &  
SCOTT WRIGHT

"O MY FATHER"

ACCOMPANIED BY SHARON JENKINS

CLOSING PRAYER.....GUS ARSCOTT, GRANDSON

DEDICATION OF GRAVE.....STEVE GILES  
NEPHEW

INTERMENT - HEBER CITY CEMETERY

### O MY FATHER

*O my Father, thou that dwellest  
In the high and glorious place,  
When shall I regain thy presence  
And again behold thy face?  
In thy holy habitation  
Did my spirit once reside?  
In my first primeval childhood,  
Was I nurtured near thy side?*

*For a wise and glorious purpose  
Thou hast placed me here on earth.  
And with-held the recollection  
Of my former friends and birth.  
Yet oft-times a secret something  
Whispered, "You're a stranger here."  
And I felt that I had wandered  
From a more exalted sphere.*

*I had learned to call thee, Father,  
Through thy Spirit from on high;  
But until the key of knowledge  
Was restored I knew not why.  
In the heavens are parents single?  
No; the thought makes reason stare!  
Truth is reason; truth eternal,  
Tells me I've a mother there.*

*When I leave this frail existence,  
When I lay this mortal by,  
Father, Mother, may I meet you  
In your royal courts on high?  
Then at length, when I've completed  
All you sent me forth to do,  
With your mutual approbation,  
Let me come and dwell with you.*

—By Eliza R. Snow

## In Loving Memory

